

# *Photography*

RUSTIN LARSON

Earth takes a long-exposure photo of herself—  
her apartment a kind of camera obscura—  
the image of snowflakes burned on the wall—

She sits opaque in this light—  
the messages come  
steadily from across the sea:

Puffer fish died young in the afternoon,  
winter light, months before the migration  
and the cherry blossoms. Oh, wandering field

of grass, you are the only thing left  
of the warrior's ambition. You were what  
the light had to offer: The day photographed

imperfect, stuttering,  
in marginal health and state of mind, the sound  
of clocks slicing off bits of time.